



(Copyright, 1915.)



## UNCLE ELI'S FABLES

The Fall Stock Is Coming In

One day the Fox saw a Hare enter her burrow, and knowing that he could not dig her out he approached with a grin upon his face and announced that he had been appointed a committee of one to go through the forest and report to which animal was entitled to the prize for grace, beauty and fleetness of foot. There was no question in the hare's mind that he could run three feet to his two, but simply as a formality she should come out and make a puny thing.

"Sir," replied the Hare from her safe retreat, "I am no spring chicken. Do not all know that the Weasel is the fleetest animal in the forest?" "Ah, yes," said the Fox, but the Weasel has no grace. His body is altogether too long for his girth, and everybody has remarked on the size of his feet. Your form is pronounced faultless by all. I pray you come out that I may behold you."

"Sir," replied the Hare, "I may look green, but I am no hayseed. It was only yesterday that you chased me two miles and came near eating me. Not this eve, thank you."

"But my dear Hare," persisted the Fox, "it is well known that you have the loveliest eyes of any inhabitant of the forest."

"Do you really mean it?" queried the Hare.

"Of course I do," said such beautiful teeth."

"Dear, dear me," sighed the Hare, "and you have such a shy, cute way with you and such graceful ways. Really I must insist on your coming out of that hole in the ground which is no fitting domicile for such a creature."

"Honestly, now, but do you actually think I beg the Hare as she popped her head above ground. But before she could finish the Fox had her When she had been duly devoured, he picked his teeth with a sassafras twig and observed to himself:

"Flattery," he persisted in, is a weapon which never fails to bring down its game."

A housewife whose cellar was infected by a bad rat and who is managed to catch one, whose size

"BEE!" HANDED THE BEAR

and condition proved how often he had eaten her. The rat was dead, and the housewife was about to place the rat in a tub of water and drown him when the Rat calmly inquired:

"Your name is Jones, isn't it?"

"Yes—Jones."

"Well, now, you don't want to sweat his collar for the last fifteen years?"

"Yes."

"And over there on the grocery shelves are Peter Clay, Jim Watson, Sam White, and a dozen other chaps equal to you as lazy as Jones."

"Well, now, you don't want to get together over there to chew tobacco and talk horse," replied Mrs. Jones.

"Turn me loose into that lumber pile, and if you don't get more fun out of the article of that hog, I'll agree to return and be drowned."

After due reflection Mrs. Jones decided to try the experiment. She ran for shelter, but she was observed by Jones, the crowd was disgraced for the rodent. For two long hours under a boiling summer sun, fourteen men tossed that lumber and in hopes to come upon the Rat, and when the search was finally abandoned, Jones had got by steam enough to bring out three bolts which had lain dormant in his system for the last ten years while at least half of the others had to go home and wash their necks and get into clean shirts and collars.

"MORAL:—You see, the Rat to Mrs. Jones was a dead opportunity, but she was a source of regret, while live issues, if properly grasped, lead up to success."

One afternoon in the field a Fox came out of the bushes and said:

"My fur is just what you need, therefore it would be no gain to you to kill me."

"I guess that's right," said the Hare.

"And as your chickens are not fat they would not pay me for the trouble of killing you to talk about corn."

"Therefore, we can talk like two neighbors."

"I feel that way."

"I was sure you would meet me in a like spirit," replied the Fox. "Now then, I have a question to ask you. Set traps around your hen house to catch mice, but don't let them come for the chickens, don't you?"

"Well, I have done such a thing."

"And caught a number of pesky varmints, too, I hear."

"Yes, a few."

"Served 'em right. I have always advised them to be satisfied with Hares. When you used to set traps it was always at night, wasn't it?"

"Always, nayburr."

"And never in the afternoon?"

"Never. What's that so, I am not an animal to butt in, but I got to wondering about it the other day and thought I'd ask you the first time we met."

Weasel that I shall knock you on the head!"

"Sharpness generally overreaches itself."

One day the Elephant was wandering in the forest, he encountered the Wild Ass, and after they had stood gazed at each other for half a minute, the Elephant sneeringly observed:

"What a puny thing! I never see you without a feeling of pity."

"Oh, I don't know," replied the Wild Ass, "a feeling of good nature."

"But you are not strong," protested the lachrymiferous. "I doubt if you could fight a sheep."

"May be not, but still I have my strong point."

"What is it?" asked the Elephant, "in running away from the Hare, then look well at me, I am the biggest critter on this earth."

"I give in to that," replied the W. A.

"And I am not afraid of anything that walks."

"It must be a pleasant feeling."

"You bet it is. Did you ever see me put forth my strength?"

"I never did."

The Elephant looked around him for a minute and then pointing with his trunk to a tree as big as a man's body, he said:

"I shall be more than astonished to see that tree yanked out," replied the W. A.

The Elephant approached the tree, put his trunk around it, and after a minute and then pulling with all his might, he gave one mighty yank and out came that tree leaving a big cavity where it had stood. The Elephant then turned and moved around he fell into the hole and cried out:

"Oh, Ass, I have fallen into a pit!"

"Oh, Ass," replied the Ass, "I have also broken my leg."

"For which you have my sympathy."

"But I am appealing to you for your help."

"I can't," answered the W. A. "But the very bigness of which you boasted, prevents me from rendering you any assistance, and as the Ass wandered away, leaving the Elephant in despair, an Owl in the tree above him observed to himself:

"MORAL:—The elephant has his strong point, as he said. He hasn't the strength to tear up a tree by the roots, but he has the brains to avoid the cavity left by it."

As two Jackals and a Fox were traveling in company, they came upon a dead Chicken lying on the ground.

"What a fine bird!" said the Fox, "I shall have the prize, and I shall divide the Chicken between them leaving the Fox entirely out of the affair. As the two Jackals were proceeding, the Fox queried of the Fox:

"But where do you come into this thing, Mr. Fox?"

"I have a share in natural philosophy," replied the Fox. "Firstly, that Chicken was killed and placed here for an object. Secondly, the body was poisoned, and thirdly, there goes the poison, and making their last kick."

"And I may say further," observed the Fox as he scratched his ear with his paw, "that when you are offered the article of that hog, I'll agree to let somebody else sample it first."

"MORAL:—The Woodman who was passing through the forest came upon a Bear who was rolling over and over on the ground and uttering the words:

"Moral complaints. Bruin had one eye closed, and was covered from head to toes with lumps and knots."

"What he cried the Woodman as he drew near:

"But nature gave you a coat of fur to protect you from the stinging of bees."

"So she did," answered the Bear, "but she also made me fool enough to wear the same coat, and every stinging would lift me a foot high."

"None of us are ever satisfied with a good thing."

Once upon a time the Villager went to the Wise Man and complained:

"O Wise Man, I would be protected from those who steal my corn. I have hills of corn I plant, he dies up at least one."

"I'll take a chair and I will inquire into the matter," replied the Wise Man, and having sent for the Crow he inquired:

"It is true that you rob this Villager of his newly planted corn, O Crow, replied the Crow, 'but instead of complaining he ought to be grateful.'"

"Why, by reducing his crop one-fifth I have reduced his labors in the same proportion."

"That's pretty good philosophy," said the Wise Man, "I will advise the Villager to act upon it. Let him bring out his gun and shoot one Crow out of every five and his corn will no longer be disturbed."

"MORAL:—It may be true that you stole Lambs instead of sheep, but we are trying this case with the wool on."

FALSE PRETENSE.

A man on a bench in the park had bought an evening paper of a newsboy, and was turning the other way when he was "pard" awake from a brief nap and exclaimed:

"How many times have I got to tell you that buying papers don't pay?"

"But I can't read," protested the other.

"But you can't read," Nobody ever showed him how to read."

"But I can make it out—easy words."

"But what's easy words going to do for you? You go over in Jersey and tramp and come to a school house. The school house is all a-fire, and you have to dig out and make tracks for ten miles."

"Well," queried the other.

"Well, you finally arrives in the city and take a seat here, and yer so anxious to show off that yer educated that yer go to go and buy a paper and spend 'nuff money to keep us in tobacco for a whole week. I say, quit it. Don't you do it again or yer no pard of mine."

HAD BEEN THERE.

In putting away the change given her by a conductor of a Twenty-third street car a woman dropped a coin on the floor. She counted up and found it was a penny, but nevertheless she began searching all around with her eyes. A man finally found it and restored it to her. And when she thanked him he said:

"It's only a penny, but I know how you feel about it. It isn't that the coin would seriously cripple you financially for the next four weeks, but you don't want the conductor to find it and get off on a howling spree for a week or two."

She gave him a look which broke two ribs and put his left eye out, and then the car rolled on with its usual placidity.

## BOWSER LOSES A FORTUNE

And It Was All Mrs. Bowser's Fault

"By John!"

The above exclamation from Mr. Bowser, after there had been a silence of fifteen minutes in the sitting room, made Mrs. Bowser jump in her chair, and the cat to stiffen her tail and look at a back window and say to herself:

"If I get out there once, I'll lick every old tomcat in town."

"What is it?" asked Mrs. Bowser, as she recovered from her surprise.

"Two weeks ago," answered Mr. Bowser, "I was reading in the paper some of an article which may have a great bearing on our future. The paper got mislaid, somehow, but here is the very article in the one I am reading."

"And what is the wonderful article?"

"I shall tell you about it and I want your encouragement. You know I have been trying for the last fifteen years to make a strike which would make me independent for life. I think this will be the strike."

"It isn't pigs or chickens, or anything of the kind, is it?"

"Mrs. Bowser, don't begin this by being sarcastic. You will see that it is a very serious thing for us. If we can carry it through, and I think we can, we need not ask any odds of anybody."

"Well, I have always encouraged you when I thought you had a good thing."

"First," said Mr. Bowser, after some hesitation, "you know what Australia is?"

"It is twelve or fourteen thousand miles away, in the Pacific Ocean. Australia is the home of the kangaroo."

"In Australia," so the papers say, there are eleven million cattle running wild in the woods and thickets. These are cattle that have strayed from the herds and belong to no one. You get that point, I hope, because it is the main one."

"I see."

"Any one can help themselves to these wild cattle, which are rolling fat, and though thousands are shot annually, the total number is not diminished. And a great idea has entered my head."

"State it, Mr. Bowser."

"I have an old friend in Australia. Suppose I write to him to ship me some of those cattle. The paper said they can be rounded up, and driven to the nearest seaport for three dollars per head, owing to the fact that cattle in this country those from Australia would sell for twenty-five dollars a head as soon as landed, but there a clear profit of twenty-two dollars a head, and shouldn't Samuel Bowser pocket that?"

"There seems to be a profit," replied Mrs. Bowser, but without any enthusiasm.

"Seems?" "Seems?" half shouted Mr. Bowser. "Why, woman, of course there is a profit. Finally, I have decided to ship me a few. For \$200,000, I will ship me 1,000 fat and juicy cattle. I will have a buyer ready the moment they land, and I will have eleven million two hundred dollars worth picking up."

"Certainly it is."

"Then they go aboard a ship, don't they?"

"Of course they do. You wouldn't expect to swim there from Australia to the United States."

"But won't there be another charge for shipping?"

"Mr. Bowser was silent. He was taken by surprise."

"Take a dozen or so men have to come with them to care for them on the long voyage."

"And about the fodder?" continued Mrs. Bowser.

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million cattle! It makes a chill go down my spine when I think of it!"

"And it does me, too," was replied.

"And I have your encouragement in this. Have I?"

"If I can honestly give it."

"But isn't that a thing? Isn't it a grand thing? Isn't it as plain as the nose on our cook's face?"

"But there are two or three little things you have forgotten to put in, Mr. Bowser. You say you get your cattle to a seaport for three dollars."

"I said that."

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said Mr. Bowser, as he turned away in disgust. "I think of it!"

"But if you want my help, you must give me facts. As I look at it, you wouldn't have five or six hundred, even if you didn't lose that much. The Australians have sent a few cargoes of fresh cattle over here, but they have shipped no cattle on the hoof. I doubt very much if any steamer would consent to bring such a cargo. However, you can write to your old friend for particulars and details, and I would advise you to do it."

"All right, mister, all right. If a fellow wants to keep on looking yaller about the eyes when a panicky case at hand, that's his own business. Long about the middle of April you'll be on your back with a spell of biliousness, but you needn't lay it up again me."

The next person approached was a severe-looking woman, about 25 years old, who was probably an old maid.

"Them yaller streaks at the corners of your mouth denote a torpid liver, m'am," said the man as he gave the bottle a shake. "Something right here to improve your looks fifty per cent."

"Sir," she demanded in icy tones, "I am selling a blood purifier, made from herbs and roots gathered by my own hands, and it's only fifty cents a bottle."

"Go away, sir," she commanded.

"No, sir."

"All right, madam—all right. To be sure, madam, I don't think about the house, but I don't think so. Here's your panacea, and if you want it I can't compel you to buy it."

The third person was a man with a face as long as a nose, and rough spots on his face. He was busy with a newspaper when the old man approached.

"One bottle will cure that nose or your money returned," demanded the man.

"And the second bottle will cure all those rough spots about the nose, and the third bottle will cure the liver."

"Look-a-here, you old reprobate! What are you driving at anyhow?"

"I am selling a blood purifier, made from roots and herbs. It's a little early, perhaps, but I want to get the start of the backwash scoundrels. Are you a drinking man or not?"

"Do you mean to insult me to my face, sir? Why will you punch my head off?"

"Wouldn't do no good, sir. Here's the only genuine Blood Purifier in the country and last year I sold 7,000 bottles of it. Invigorates the liver, tones up the blood, and if I can't cure you that nose of yours I don't want a cent."

"I'll surely try you, old assassin!" said the man as he started to take the bottle, but just then a police officer came up and told the old man he must get out.

"And not sell a bottle of my Blood Purifier in this crowd," he loudly asked.

"Come, out you go!" said the officer.

"And you don't want a bottle for yourself?"

"You see, this is a police officer. This medicine will cure it in five big doses."

He was led out and told not to re-enter the depot, but he stood at the door and said to the policeman:

"All right, but I'll be back. The people don't want my Blood Purifier. They needn't have it. It's the season of the backwash scoundrels. Are you a drinking man or not?"

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